

A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
POEMS  
ON  
VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

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By THOMAS ELLWOOD.

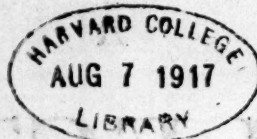
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TO THE  
R E A D E R.

THE following POEMS, wrote by THOMAS ELLWOOD, (which have lain dormant in *Manuscript* for many Years) being lately communicated to me by a Friend, I thereupon gave them a serious Perusal; and observing the pious and religious Sentiments wherewith they abound, thought they were too good *to be lost*; especially as there is room to hope, the uncaptious and sincerely religious Youth of either Sex, may be benefited thereby.

The EDITOR.

# READER.

THE following Poem, written  
by Thomas Milnes, (who  
has been constant in his  
many Years) being lately communi-  
cated to me by a Friend, I at once  
gave them a Jewish Psalm; and  
observing the poem and its  
sentiments whosoever they should  
thought they were too good to be  
lost, especially as there is room to hope  
the unexpressed and sincere religious  
feeling of either sex, may be beneficial  
and thereby

The Hymn of

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## DIVINE WORSHIP.

*In vain do they worship Me, teaching for Doctrines  
the Commandments of Men. Mat. xv. 9.*

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O F WORSHIP I presume to sing,  
Yet from the *Nine* no Aid implore,  
*SHILOH*'s out-vies *Castalia*'s Spring,  
Assist blest Pow'r whom I adore;  
Breath on my Muse, and fill her Quill  
With sacred Dews from *Hermon-bill*.

*Momus* be gone, fly all ye Vain,  
Who the Wit of Poems place  
In florid Strains, my Muse is plain;  
Fine Cloth exceeds fantastick Lace  
On Kersey set; I leave those Flights,  
To such as Fiction most delights.

Let them also avoid the Place,  
Should there be of that scoffing Stock,  
Who are so destitute of GRACE,  
They at the SPIRIT's *Influence* mock;

A

To



To such my Muse no Pleasure brings,  
 Who scorn the Power by which she sings.

But come all ye who TRUTH embrace,  
 Whose Souls do pure Religion love,  
 Who prize the Gift of sacred GRACE,  
 Whose Treasure lies in Realms above;  
 Nay all, that are not Foes, draw near,  
 And grant my Song a willing Ear.

In early Times, when Man was made,  
 Before the *Priesthood* was confin'd,  
 While TRUTH in *Adam's* Household stay'd,  
 And GOD ador'd by all Mankind;  
 No Form of Worship, that appears,  
 Had been prescrib'd for many Years.

While Men with GOD a Converse kept,  
 And on Him did devoutly wait,  
 He gracious, while they wak'd or slept,  
 Did so their Minds illuminate,  
 That they not only knew His Will,  
 But by His Aid could it fulfill.

Before

Before the Flood, and after long,  
 The *Patriarchs* directed were,  
 Both when to warble out their Song,  
 And how to ope Heav'ns Gate by *Pray'r*;  
 Whatever Act the LORD requir'd,  
 Their Hearts He thereunto inspir'd.

But after that, Heav'n did decree,  
 In special Love to *Abraham*,  
 That his Posterity should be  
 Sacred to Him, and bear His Name;  
 A Worship asked at their hand,  
 Which did in *Observations* stand.

What must be *offer'd*, *when* and *where*,  
 Each Part was carefully exprest;  
 The *various Modes* prescribed were  
 For *sacrificing*, and the rest;  
 Set-times were fix'd for *solemn Feasts*,  
 Diff'rence 'twixt *clean*, and *unclean Beasts*.

This legal Worship, as it stood  
 In *Meats* and *Drinks*, and *carnal Rites*,  
 Were Types of that eternal Good,  
 To which the Gospel all invites;

The

The longest Date that it could claim,  
Was but till \* REFORMATION came.

When that auspicious Time drew nigh,  
The Morning of that Day was come,  
The WORD, descending from on high,  
Took sinless Flesh in Virgin's Womb;  
At whose blest Birth, Heaven's Host rejoice,  
And pour their Hymns with raptur'd Voice.

SHILOH, so oft foretold, thus come,  
His Death the Temple-vail did rend,  
And being of those Types the SUM,  
That *Dispensation* had its End;  
'Twas meet the *Servant* should withdraw,  
When he the MASTER's Presence saw.

But yet, e'er CHRIST would abrogate  
A Worship so long Time in Use,  
And disannul the *legal State*,  
He did a better introduce;  
This LAW was not in Marble cut,  
But in the Heart and Conscience put:

For

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\* Heb. ix. 10.



For so the Prophets, in God's Name,  
While yet the LAW in Vigour stood,  
Did by Authority proclaim :

He said (who what He says makes good)

\* *After those Days, I in the Heart*  
*My FEAR will place, and LAW impart.*

Again ; † *And it shall come to pass,*  
*My SPIRIT on all Flesh I'll pour,*  
*On Young and Old, the Lad and Lass,*  
Shall feel the Virtue of this Show'r ;  
Not of the *Priest* shall LAW be sought,  
But all thy Sons, of GOD be taught.

Happy they ! who such a TEACHER have,  
And yield thereto a willing Ear ;  
From all that's hurtful He will save,  
If in His LAW they persevere :  
O ! that Mankind therein would walk,  
Nor some against, some only for, it talk.

The SON of GOD, who from Heav'n came,  
And fully Man's Redemption wrought,

When

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\* Jer. xxxi. 33. Ezek. xi. 19, 20. † Joel ii. 29.

When met by the *Samaritan* Dame,  
 The true approved Worship taught:  
*Not at that \* City, or this Mount,*  
*Tho' rever'd for Jacob's Fount;*

But who the FATHER will adore,  
 Whether Bond or Free, Ag'd or Youth,  
 Must worship not as heretofore  
 In Types, but in SPIRIT and TRUTH:  
 God's a Spirit! — among *Jews* and *Greeks*,  
 Such inward Worshipers He seeks.

Not those who serve in *Repetitions*,  
 Or in *Prescriptions*, as the *Jews*,  
 Nor yet in *oral, vain Traditions*,  
 Such as *Samaritans* did use:  
 Th' *Jewish* Faith in *Symbols* stood,  
 Th' *Samaritan's* was never good.

*Types, Shadows, Sacraments* and *Signs*,  
 Did on this Dispensation wait;  
 Who to the Gospel-worship joins,  
*Shadows* must leave to th' *shad'wy State*:

'Tis

---

\* Jerusalem

'Tis not the *fatted Calf* that skips,  
Is offer'd now, but *Calves of Lips*.

Thanks and Praise, Sacrifices are  
To God most pleasing, when they spring  
From a pure Heart He doth prepare,  
And then excites His Acts to sing :  
True *Christ'ans* use both Heart and Tongue,  
Whene'er a Hymn or Psalm is sung.

Not chanting, in a formal Note,  
*States* touch'd in ancient Song,  
Perverting what the *Psalmist* wrote,  
Whose Case cannot to all belong ;  
'Tis who their own Exper'ence bring,  
With *Spirit* and with *Judgment* sing.

Instead of Incense to perfume  
The Altar, from the Soul arise  
In Flames (that warm but not consume)  
Sighs, Supplications, Groans and Cries,  
Which tho' but weak, do never fail,  
At MERCY's Fountain to prevail.

\* We



\* *We know not what to ask* — PAUL taught;  
Who then shall *Forms* appoint?

True Pray'r is by the SPIRIT wrought,  
With which Heav'n does each Child anoint;  
He that best knows what we should have,  
Inwardly teacheth what to crave.

This then of WORSHIP is the Sum,  
*To wait in SPIRIT on the LORD,*  
That at what Time He deigns to come,  
The Soul may hear His living Word,  
And with Alacrity fulfill,  
What He makes known to be His Will.

For when the Mind on GOD is stay'd,  
In *Silence* waiting to be taught,  
The World's Concerns aside are laid,  
Nor Licence gi'n to one vain Thought;  
The LORD doth to that Soul draw near,  
And with Instruction fills its Ear.

Instructed still, the Soul doth cleave,  
The LORD His Virtue doth impart,

Discoveries

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\* Rom. viii. 26.

Discoveries of His Will He leaves,  
 Which operate upon the Heart ;  
 A Sacrifice He doth prepare,  
 Whether *Thanksgiving*, *Praise* or *Pray'r*.

Great is the Pleasure God doth take  
 In such Oblations ; in His Sight  
 That Soul is dear, he'll not forsake,  
 But in His *Book* his Name will write :  
 The Joys that the Obedient feel,  
 Nor Men nor Angels can reveal.

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## INWARD PEACE.

*My PEACE I give unto you. John xiv. 27.*

WHO can conceive, much less express,  
 The inward Peace which they possess,  
 Who, by the Indwelling of the LIGHT,  
 Have put satanic Pow'rs to flight ;  
 In whom, renew'd and born again,  
 The LORD of Life doth live and reign :  
 Renew'd, restor'd, purg'd, purify'd,  
 And nat'ral Rovings laid aside ;

B

Cleans'd

Cleans'd by the BLOOD, kept by the GRACE,  
 That Sin in them scarce finds a Place ;  
 The Temple swept, prepar'd, then blest  
 With Presence of an heav'nly Guest,  
 A Guest, not for a Night or twain,  
 But one that always will remain ;  
 Yea, such a Guest as doth impart,  
 That Joy which overcomes the Heart,  
 A Joy so great, no Tongue of Man,  
 Express the Fullness of it can ;  
 And this unutterable Bliss,  
 Flows from the Love of GOD to His.  
 O! Love immense, and without Bound,  
 To all that in the TRUTH are found,  
 Words are too short to set it forth  
 In its Extent, and real Worth.  
 The *Wife*, that in the Bosom lies,  
 Is precious in the Husband's Eyes ;  
 The *sucking Babe* is very near,  
 The *only Son*, exceeding dear ;  
 Tender the *Apple of the Eye*,  
*Friends* and *Relations* very nigh ;  
 But yet this Love doth far transcend  
 That to *Wife*, *Child*, *Eye*, *Parent*, *Friend*.

These



These *Metaphors* are all too low,  
 The Nature of this Love to show ;  
 No Tongue is able to declare,  
 How dear to God His Children are ;  
 Only the Sense of it is felt,  
 Which breaks the Heart and makes it melt.

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## FRAUS DIABOLICA.

**T**HE Devil over-reach'd Men by a Slight,  
 When first he taught them *to oppose* the LIGHT,  
 For he himself in Darkness dwells ; and he  
 That hates the LIGHT, must needs in Darkness be :  
 Arch-craft indeed ! he knows the LIGHT who shun,  
 Must needs into the thickest Darkness run,  
 And he so craftily his Plot has laid,  
 That many simple Ones he hath betray'd,  
 To tread the Path that leads to Death's dark Cell,  
 'Till by a sad Mistake they come to Hell.

---

## L O Y A L T Y.

**I** KNOW my Heart 'is loyal to my Prince,  
 I never harbour'd a disloyal Thought,

And if my Pen or Tongue hath given Offence,  
 That Error hath thro' Ignorance been wrought;  
 For which, when prov'd, I will for Mercy cry,  
 And thankful live, or uncomplaining die.

---

## T H O U G H T S.

**H**OW long, alas, shall vain Thoughts in me rest,  
 And find a lurking Place within my Breast!  
 How long, how long, e'er I a Conqueror be,  
 And o'er my ownself get the Victory!  
 Ah, how disgustful is it when I find,  
 Some little triv'al Thought possess my Mind!  
 Oft have I set myself to keep the Door,  
 That no vain Cogitation enter more,  
 And reckon'd too, so strict a Watch to keep,  
 That nothing unexamin'd in should creep;  
 But on a sudden, when I least suspected,  
 An idle Thought has Satan introjected,  
 Which, like a little Thief, hath open set  
 The Door, for greater Rovers in to get.  
 I'll trust myself no more; I see 'tis vain,  
 Man of himself no Conquest can obtain;

To

To Him will I betake myself, from whom,  
 Each good and perfect Gift, I know, doth come ;  
 His Succour will I beg, His Aid implore,  
 Who for the Helpless, still has Help in Store.

Thou *Israel's* SHEPHERD, Thou alone canst keep  
 My Soul, who neither slumber dost nor sleep ;  
 Thou *Every-where*, who dost all Places fill,  
 Who art both perfect Pow'r and perfect WILL,  
 Thou *all-sufficient* art ; no Thought can fly  
 The Scrutage of Thy *all-discerning* EYE ;  
 And Thou, dear FATHER, too commanded hast  
 Thy Children, *all their Care on THEE to cast*,  
 Which I most gladly do ; but yet not so,  
 As henceforth careless in myself to grow ;  
 No, I resolve still on the Watch to be,  
 Not in my own Strength, but impower'd by Thee.  
 Set Thou the Watch, O LORD, appoint the Guard,  
 Give Thou the Charge ; O help me so to ward,  
 That no vain Thought into my Mind may slip,  
 But in the *Embrio* may receive a Nip ;  
 Thou, who for me hast great Deliv'rance wrought,  
 Deliver too from ev'ry idle Thought.

To



*To such as stand idle in the Market-place.*

**W**HY do you trifle thus your Time away?  
Why are you of such Treasure so profuse?

Do you expect to have another Day,

Who of the present make so ill a Use?

*How can it be?*

The Moment that is past, will come no more,

The Hour mispent, can never be recall'd,

Old *Cronos* has but one poor Lock before,

His Head behind is altogether bald;

*Take that from me.*

Be therefore wise in Time, while yet an Hour

Is lent you, lest when that is vainly spent,

It never should again be in your Pow'r

(*Although with Tears ye seek it*) to repent;

*For GOD is just.*

And tho' He frequently doth Man invite,

To cease from Evil, and accept of GRACE,

Yet, if fond Man persists His Love to flight,

MERCY withdraws, *Justice* steps in her Place,

*And die he must.*

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A G O N Y.

**I** FAINT ; my dying Breath will not suffice  
To midwife forth my Words ; my falt'ring  
Tongue

Refigns its Office to my weeping Eyes ;

Speak Eyes, and do my faithful Heart no Wrong.

Ye crystal Fountains set your Sluices wide,  
Stream forth your Tears like a full flowing Tide ;  
Draw up the Flood-gates, let the Torrent flow  
In its right Current, whether fast or slow.

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A S T A T E.

**B** LEST is the Man, whose Heart is found,  
When Trials come, upright and found,  
Whom not the Hopes of greatest Gain,  
Nor Fear of most tormenting Pain,  
Nor yet the most magnetick Pleasure,  
Nor Honours heap'd up without measure,  
Can cause to shrink or start aside,  
And leave the strait Way for the wide.

This

This is the STATE on which my Eye is fix'd,  
 Oh ! that no Cloud may ever come betwixt,  
 But that my Heart may henceforth always dwell,  
 In that which doth all earthly Things excel ;  
 For he alone can stand the dreadful Shock,  
 Whose House is built on the eternal Rock.

---

### TO a FRIEND in AMERICA.

MY Heart is with thee, but I dare not give  
 Myself the Pleasure of a wand'ring Thought,  
 That I to see the Day may ever live,  
 When to *America* I may be brought ;  
 Where I that peaceful Solitude may find,  
 Which more than Riches would delight my Mind.

But here I'm fix'd, my Station here is set,  
 By Him whose Will is sov'reign to mine,  
 My Work and Service tye me here as yet,  
 At which I bless my God, I don't repine ;  
 O ! may my Spirit always take Delight,  
 In that which is most pleasing in His Sight.

DEUS



*DEUS est qui cuncta gubernat.*

**E**XCEPT the \* LORD the City keep,  
The Watchman watches but in vain;  
The Adversary in will creep,  
And hardly be got out again.

So close his Stratagems are laid,  
So deep and many are his Wiles,  
The Sentinel's by him betray'd,  
And he the Watchman too beguiles.

Sometimes TRUTH's Colours up he sets,  
As if indeed a Friend he were,  
And by that Practice in he gets,  
Before his Falshood doth appear.

And, which is worst, within are some,  
That always treacherous have been,  
Who when he to the Gate doth come,  
Too ready are to let him in.

C

LORD!

---

\* Psalm cxxvii.

LORD! Thou art He in whom I trust,  
 On whom my Safety doth depend;  
 Thou only canst subdue the Lust,  
 Thou only canst the Place defend.

My Weakness, LORD, I daily find,  
 'Tis Thou alone sufficient art,  
 To Thee therefore, I have resign'd  
 The Care and keeping of my Heart.

Be Thou Commander there in chief,  
 Place Thou the Guard, the Watchman set,  
 At each Assault send Thou Relief,  
 Let Satan no Advantage get.

Put Thou the Enemy to flight,  
 Break Thou his Strength, his Works destroy,  
 Discomfit Thou his Forces quite,  
 And fill my Soul with lasting Joy.

Take too a Course with those within,  
 That would the Place to him betray,  
 Burn up the Ground that brings forth Sin,  
 And the rebellious Nature slay.

---

Then

Then shall I praise Thy holy Name,  
 And Hallelujahs to Thee sing,  
 My Tongue and Pen extend Thy Fame,  
 Who art my GOD, and Sion's KING.

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## F A N C Y.

When Love and HATE before my Fancy pass,  
 They look, methinks, like a prospective  
 Glass;  
 If on another Person's Failings, I  
 Do chance at any Time to cast an Eye,  
 LOVE takes the End that doth extenuate;  
 The opposite is held by squint-ey'd HATE:  
 But if, on 'tother hand, I have a mind,  
 To view their Actions who to me are kind,  
 LOVE presently presents unto mine Eye  
 That Glass, which their good Turns will magnify:  
 HATE too would be as forward, if she might,  
 To clap her partial Glass before my Sight:  
 But I am weary of her; — for I know,  
 She to all Goodness is a mortal Foe:  
 LOVE's the best Glass by far; yet many chuse,  
 To look thro' that which Sight doth *most abuse*.



## LOVE's Original.

**L**OVE is a *Cyon* cropt from Virtue's Tree,  
 And grafted in the Stock of Purity ;  
 Planted at first in Nature's choifest Soil,  
 Before the Fiend did Nature's Beauty spoil ;  
 But thence transplanted to a richer Ground,  
 Than can in all Dame Nature's Realm be found,  
 Where being well manur'd, it takes deep Root  
 Downward, and Branches upward-forth doth shoot:  
 The Sap, which doth this stately Tree maintain,  
 Is *Sympathy*; which runs as in a Vein  
 Thro' every Branch, causing it first to sprout,  
 And e'er awhile, young tender Buds spring out.  
 Nor is it barren, but much Fruit doth bear,  
 To Taste most pleasing, and to Sight most fair ;  
 A sound substantial Fruit, that can indure  
 The sharpest Frost, and yet continue pure :  
 And that ye may this Fruit the more admire,  
 Take Notice, that I call it *Chaste Desire*.

LOVE's

## LOVE's Definition.

*The Author being press'd to shew his Mind,  
What is true Love, what not, hath here defin'd.*

**I** CALL not that *true Love*, which can admit  
Of Heats and Colds like to an Ague-fit;  
Those Rivers which, their Banks do overflow,  
In a few Hours their empty Channels show

That's not *true Love*, that's grounded upon *Wealth*;  
Or hath the least Regard to worldly Pelf;  
For such an one, might he his End obtain,  
Would prostitute his very *WIFE* for Gain.

Nor can he with *true Lovers* have a Place,  
Who's Love depends upon some pretty Face,  
Which Age or Sickness having once defac'd,  
The very Ground-work of his Love is raz'd.

And since that sordid Thing *Self-Interest*,  
Is able to defile the chastest Breast,  
If not prevented; therefore I declare,  
That it and *true Love* inconsistent are.

Such

Such Marks as these, I could add many more

Like Watch-tow'rs, tending to forewarn the jolly  
But young unskilful Mariners, before

They split their Vessels on the Rocks of Folly.

But for this Theme let this suffice, while I,  
Tir'd with the Subject, borrow Wings and fly  
Into an higher Orb, where I may view,  
That *Love* who's choicest Epithet is *true*.

That I call *Love*, that only *Love* I call,  
Whose Birth appears to be *Cæstia*l;  
That, and that only, I account *true Love*,  
Which in the Sphere of CHASTITY doth move.

He's a *true Lover* (not who can subdue,  
Monsters and Giants for his Mistress Sake,  
And fights perhaps and weep, with much ado,  
For fear she should some other happy make;

But) who so far her Happiness prefers  
Before his own, that he can be content  
To sacrifice his own to purchase hers,  
Tho' with the Price of his own Banishment.



A hearty Lover wholly doth devote  
Himself, to make her happy whom he loves,  
And doth with Might and Main her Good promote,  
Altho' destructive to his Hopes it proves.

He that loves truly, loves to that Degree,  
Whatever Notions Libertines may spread,  
That he would be content, yea, joy to see  
His Mistress bless some worthier Person's Bed.

Nor can *true Love* to Hatred ever turn,  
Although it never should Acceptance find,  
But like a Lamp, clear to the last would burn,  
And thereby manifest a noble Mind.

Such amorous Motions then conclude we must,  
How speciously so ever they are deckt,  
Proceed not from *true Love*, but filthy Lust,  
Which each chaste Breast should study to reject.

## LOVE's Caveat.

**I**F VIRTUE move  
 A Man to love,  
 How can he then refuse?  
 If NATURE move,  
 Unless he prove,  
 How knows he what to chuse?

For *Vice's* Look  
 For VIRTUE's took  
 By many an honest Heart,  
 Who think they're safe,  
 Till felt they have  
 Her deadly stinging Smart:

And then too late,  
 Cry O! my Fate!  
 Was ever Grief like mine?  
 I thought my Love  
 Sprung from above,  
 And that it was divine;

But

But now I find,  
 With Grief of Mind,  
 That from the Earth it came,  
 And that the Fruit,  
 Which thence doth shoot,  
 Is nought but Grief and Shame.

Thus honest Men  
 Are, now and then,  
 Deceiv'd by Beauty's Bait,  
 Which makes them chuse  
 Pleasure, and lose  
 A far more happy State.

Nor can Man be  
 From Danger free,  
 But as he doth abide,  
 In that which will  
 That Nature kill,  
 And keeps close to *his Guide*.

Which if he do,  
 'Twill to him shew  
 Each Motion's Root and Ground,

D

That



That in this Day  
No Folly may  
In ISRAEL be found.

Which is the Cry,  
Of one whose Eye  
Hath been too apt to stray;  
Who could not stand,  
Did not God's Hand  
Support him Day by Day.

## I N T E G R I T Y.

**I**T is not Wealth, nor worldly Pelf,  
Could my Affection take,  
I am not such a Friend to SELF,  
To suffer for its Sake.

'Tis not the Features of a Face,  
Could captivate mine Eye,  
I have seen some of th' sweetest grace,  
Yet kept my Liberty.

What was it then, stout Heart, I pray,  
Did thee to Love incline?

Canst thou, without Presumption, say  
It was a Pow'r divine ?

Much I could say, did Need require,  
In Favour of my Love,  
But I chuse rather to retire,  
Let it itself approve.

---

## A P R O S P E C T.

**T**WAS tow'rds the Evening of the Day,  
When Books lie still, and Scholars play,  
That having got an Hour to spare,  
I walked out to take the Air;  
To which the Heavens did invite,  
With Smiles that promised Delight.

My Walk upon a Bank I took,  
Which was the Margin to a Brook,  
Whose crystal Streams so small did slide,  
As if they fear'd to be descry'd,  
Save that a Pebble, here and there,  
Whisper'd their Flight into mine Ear.

Hence I design'd to take a View,  
 Of NATURE in her richest Hue:  
 Nor should I think my Labour lost  
 To see the like at double Cost.  
 The Birds, in various Notes, did sing  
 A Penegyrick to the Spring;  
 Each strove, I think, to do her best,  
 But *Philomel* excell'd the rest;  
 The Trees serv'd for a shady Screen,  
 Hung round with Canopies of green,  
 And some were here and there imboss'd  
 With Blossoms, at Dame Nature's Cost,  
 Which with a gentle Zephyr play'd,  
 And pretty whist'ling Murmurs made.  
 Which Way so e'er I turn'd mine Eye,  
 I saw well-mix'd Variety;  
 The fine wrought Tap'stry of the Field,  
 Did many pretty Landscapes yield;  
 Here *Wheat*, there *Barley*, did appear,  
 Some in the *Blade*, some in the *Ear*;  
 The *Pease* in Bloom, and *Beans* in Flow'r,  
 Stood waiting for a gentle Show'r;  
 For fear of which, in Haste home flies  
 The Bee with Honey-laden Thighs.

The



The *Meadows*, in their Grass-green Vest,  
 Methought were very neatly drest,  
 Not only neat, but richly fraught,  
 With checquer'd Flowers finely wrought,  
*Cowslips* and *Violets* intermixt,  
 And tufted *Daises* cast betwixt ;  
 Each Object did affect my Sight,  
 With sweetest innocent Delight.

But stay'd I there ? Oh no, my Heart  
 Cry'd still, Give me the better Part,  
 Let me with Him for ever live,  
 That to these Things doth Being give ;  
 Exterior Things may please each Sense,  
 And be enjoy'd without Offence,  
 But nothing but a Power divine,  
 Can make their Virtues truly mine ;  
 Thy Wisdom, therefore so infuse  
 Into my Heart, that I may use  
 Thy Creatures as they ought to be,  
 And still return the Praise to Thee,  
 To whom the highest Praise is due,  
 O GOD most holy, just and true.

Upon

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---

Upon his dear deceased Friends,

ISAAC and MARY PENINGTON,

**S**INCE first made *One*, as *One* they liv'd together  
 In Heart and Mind, in Flesh and Spirit *One*,  
 'Till Death in part this Unity did sever,  
 By taking him and leaving her alone,  
 In silent Grief his Absence to bemoan.

He being gone she could not long survive,  
 But daily from his Death began to die,  
 And rather seem'd to be, than was alive :  
 Restless, till by his Side she came to lie,  
 Her Spirit join'd to his again on high.  
 Thus Death, by whom the parting Blow was given,  
 Brought them together again, in Earth and Heaven.

---

In Remembrance of my Friend,

MARY PENINGTON.

**U**PON *September's* eighteenth Day,  
 In sixteen hundred eighty two,  
 Death took a virtuous DAME away,  
 Who of her Equals left but few ;

She

She Widow was, but now is gone  
To SPRINGETT and to PENINGTON.

For personal Endowments held  
She justly was, to few behind ;  
But those wherein she most excell'd,  
Were the Endowments of the Mind :  
My Pen, I fear, would wrong her Worth,  
Should I attempt to set them forth.

I therefore purposely abstain,  
From seeking Words, to speak her Praise,  
I know 'twould Labour be in vain,  
Her Fame no Words can higher raise ;  
Let others sing her Worth, while I  
Honour and love her Memory.

---

## EXERCISE.

**A** H me ! how bitter is this Cup to drink !  
How do I tremble when on it I think !  
Surely, to fight with *Tigres*, or to rouse  
Old hungry *Lyons*, were less hazardous ;  
Yea, I should think I made a happy Change,  
To meet a *Bear*, whom Hunger makes to range,  
Or



Or to encounter with a *Dragon* fierce,  
Whose scaly Hide no Sword did ever pierce.

But what ! do I demur ; still make Delay !  
Seem yet to doubt, whether I should obey,  
Or Rebel prove ! let no such tainting Thought,  
Into my yet untainted Breast be brought.  
Why stay I ? Why forbear then to proceed ?  
*Success* crowns Acts ; *Delays* but Danger breed,  
And *Strength* in Weakness, Faithfulness doth find,  
When *Slothfulness* is often left behind.

---

### The bleating Sheep ; or the Flock's Complaint of their Shepherds.

*Woe to the Shepherds of Israel that do feed themselves —  
Ye feed not the Flock — but with Force and with  
Cruelty have ruled them.—Therefore, thus saith the  
LORD, Behold I am against the Shepherds, I will  
require my Flock at their hand. Ezek. xxxiv. 2, 3,  
4, 10.*

**I**N elder Times, e'er *Shepherds* were so great,  
So ARCH so LORDLY, so ambitious grown ;  
Long time before the *Pontifical Seat*,  
Wherewith the World has been so plagu'd, was  
known ;  
Before

Before that Voice was heard, which Stories say,  
 Was spoke from Heaven by an Angel's Tongue,  
 [*Poison is pour'd into the Church this Day*]  
 When *Constantine* his great Revenues flung

Amongst the gaping *Shepherds*, e'er much Wealth,  
 Had made them proud and lazy ; long e'er this,  
 While they their *Conventicles* had by Stealth,  
 And glad were when Informers they could mis.

How honourable was the *Shepherd's* Trade  
 In those blest Times ! how much to be desir'd,  
 When none unto himself Advantage made  
 O' th' Flock, when none to lordly Rule aspir'd.

Not seeking theirs but them ; content to live  
 (And living well thereon, 'cause therein blest)  
 Upon the Milk the Sheep did freely give ;  
 Thus were the *Shepherds* fed, Sheep not oppress.

Nor were, mean while, the fleecy Flock ingrate,  
 But right regardful of their Pastor's Pains,  
 With chearful Hearts they did communicate  
 Of each good Thing, that human Life sustains.

In sweet Communion thus they walk'd together,  
 And mutual Comfort in each other had,  
 What was a Grief to one, was Grief to either,  
 And what made one rejoice, made t'other glad.

The *Shepherds* for the Sheep no Pains did spare,  
 But for their Safety labour'd, watch'd and pray'd;  
 The Sheep were conscious of the *Shepherds* Care,  
 And unto them a due Observance paid:

And both the *Shepherds* and the Sheep did aim,  
 In all they undertook, with Heart and Tongue,  
 To magnify the supreme SHEPHERD'S Name,  
 To whom both Sheep and *Shepherds* did belong.

Thus was it in the Morning of that Day,  
 Which on the *Heathen* World long since did break,  
 And thus it held, while simple TRUTH bore Sway,  
 As Stories sacred and prophane do speak.

But ah! how short a Time that Day did last,  
 How soon eclipsed was that glorious LIGHT!  
 How quickly was its Brightness overcast,  
 And buried in the Grave of dusky Night!

Which



Which ne'er to be enough lamented Loss,  
 The Ruin of so excellent a State,  
 By what unhappy Means it came to pass,  
 My Muse will in the following Lines relate.

Blest with a peaceful Time, the fruitful Flock  
 Grew num'rous, fat, and with fair Fleeces clad,  
 After they had sustained many a Shock  
 From *Wolves*, *Bears*, *Tigres*, and from *Dogs* run  
 mad.

Enrich'd with Plenty by the bounteous Hand  
 Of the great SHEPHERD, whose indulgent Care  
 Over His Flock, His Treasures did expand,  
 And all good Things did for His Sheep prepare.

The grateful Flock, of Quiet thus possess'd,  
 And having now of worldly Wealth good Store,  
 Remember'd, with a right regardful Breast,  
 The Sufferings of their Pastors heretofore.

With open Hand, and with enlarged Heart,  
 (Such is the Nature of a bounteous Mind)  
 They to their Pastors did their Wealth impart,  
 Each striving how to leave the Rest behind.

None thought he gave enough, all studied how  
 They to their Shepherds might their Love express,  
 Each seem'd to vie, which should the Church endow,  
 Most amply with the Goods he did possess.

Thus they went on a while ; but e'er 'twas long,  
 The Glew of Gold to pastoral Fingers stuck,  
 Th' attractive Pow'r of Riches was so strong,  
 It did them from their honest Labours pluck.

The *Phrygian* Fabler tells us of a Hen,  
 That one Egg daily added to the Store,  
 Until her Dame her over-fed, and then  
 She grew so over-fat, she laid no more.

So did it with these antient *Shepherds* fare,  
 Who while a spare and temp'rate Life they led,  
 Upon their Flock, nor Care nor Pains did spare ;  
 What Pity 'twas they e'er were over-fed.

For after that, thro' too indulgent Love,  
 And injudicious Zeal, the well-fleec'd sheep,  
 Upon their *Shepherds* (who had learnt t' improve  
 Their Bounty) did un-needed Riches heap.

The

The *Shepherds* who, by that Time were become,  
 (Not better, but) more greedy than before,  
 The more they in superfluous Plenty swam,  
 The more they wanted, and still crav'd the more.

The Sheep, by blind Devotion led, still give,  
 In hopes at length the *Shepherds* Mouths to fill,  
 Scarce leaving to themselves whereon to live,  
 And yet the gaping *Shepherds* craved still.

At length the *Shepherds*, in some grand Offence,  
 Some of the chief Bell-weather's having caught,  
 Wrang from them great Endowments on pretence,  
*Large Gifts to them*, would expiate the Fau't.

By various Arts the wily *Shepherds* get,  
 From the unthinking Sheep, still more and more,  
 And what at first was GIFT, they now call DEBT,  
 The Sheep must now *pay*, what they *gave* before.

Full-fed, the *Shepherds* quickly idle grew,  
 Betook themselves to a voluptuous Ease,  
 Their due Attendance on the Flock withdrew,  
 And studied chiefly how themselves to please.

Then



Then *Discord* rose among them, how to part  
 Their ill-got Wealth ; they could not well agree,  
 Only in this they all were of one Heart,  
 That by them all *the Flock should fleeced be.*

**Themselves they therefore into Cycles cast,**  
**Some small, some great, some low, some too too**  
**high,**  
**And that the Model might the better last,**  
**They gave their Plan the Name of HIERARCHY.**

The higher Orbs the sturdier *Shepherds* take,  
And thereof, as their own, themselves possess,  
Where fair Provisions for themselves they make,  
Leaving the lower Circles to the less.

Those *Under-Shepherds*, Servants to the rest,  
Thus left to scramble for what t'others left,  
Each carved for himself as he thought best,  
So parting, tho' unequally, their Theft.

To these the *Master-Shepherds* did commit  
The Flock (which was before their common  
Care)  
Who fed them once or twice a Week a-bit,  
And that too with but dry and feeble Fare.

The *Master-Shepherds* having thus devolv'd,  
 Upon their Journey-men, the working Part,  
 Their Genius wholly to indulge resolv'd,  
 And with soft Pleasures satiate their Heart.

For Palaces and lofty Seats they build,  
 Wherein they live in most resplendent State,  
 Supply'd with all things that Delight may yield  
 To wanton Sense, and Nature captivate.

*Ambition* now prevails to *swilling Pride*  
 And *portly Pomp*; they now let loose the Rein,  
 Drawn in their Coach and fix, abroad they ride,  
 Attended with a great and splendid Train.

Of the *Chief-weatherers*, these Precedence claim,  
 In State Conventions are above them plac'd,  
 Most of them *Arch* by Nature are; by Name,  
 Two always with the Stile of ARCH are grac'd.

High Titles they ambitiously affect,  
 Sure Token of foul Arrogance and Pride,  
 And to be call'd, *My Lord*, *Your Grace*, expect,  
 For which judicious Sheep do them deride.

A common Sheep, being by Chance in Place,  
 Where he an *Under-shepherd* heard e'er while  
 Saying to one of these, *May't please your Grace ;*  
*Wish'd him more Grace in Heart, tho' less in Stile:*

Yet the bare Name of *Lordship* will not do,  
 They *Lordship* love, and will *Dominion* have  
 O'er both the Sheep, and *Under-shepherds* too,  
 Who at their *Graces* Hands for Grace must crave.

To these the *Under-shepherds* Tribute pay,  
 Which doth them in a poor Condition keep,  
 And makes them with a sharper Hunger prey,  
 Upon the harmless and poor helpless Sheep :

Wherein the *Master-shepherds* them support,  
 Not only with their Countenance, but Pow'r,  
 That by the Assistance of their *Shepherd's Court*,  
 They may the Sheep, and what they have devour.

And they so many Ways have found to pull,  
 Lock after Lock from the deluded Sheep,  
 That they scarce leave the Sheep enough of Wool,  
 Them from the Blasts of *Poverty* to keep.

Besides



Besides the *gen'ral Tax* they on them lay,  
 Whereby the Flock they Yearly *decimate*;  
 For ev'ry little Chear, they make them pay,  
 And oft too at unconscionable Rate.

A *Ram* and *Ewe* may not with nuptial Rite  
 Together join, but there must present be  
 Some one of these, who to them must recite  
 The spousal Words, for which he *claims a Fee*.

And when the pregnant *Ewe* her *Lamb* doth year,  
 The *Shepherd* will another *Tag-lock* get,  
 By telling them, that now the *Ewe* is clean,  
 And may again among the Flock be set.

Some certain Rites too must performed be,  
 To give the *Lamb* Admittance to the Fold,  
 For which the *Shepherd* *claims another Fee*;  
 And thus the Sheep both old and young are poll'd.

When a Sheep dies, the *Shepherd* DIRGE must say  
 'Over the Corps, when to the Grave 'tis brought,  
 For which he will be sure to have *his Fee*,  
 And *Mortuary*, if the Sheep left ought.

F

Thus

Thus the poor Sheep the *Shepherds* do oppress,  
 And with Exactions peel on ev'ry hand,  
 Nor can the Sheep expect to find Redress,  
 While they must to th' *Oppressors* Judgment stand:

For in the *Shepherds Courts* these Pleas are try'd,  
 If any hardy Sheep to pay refuse,  
 Where *Shepherds*, or their *Creatures*, still preside,  
 Who serve such Sheep, as CHRIST was serv'd by  
*Jews.*

For having there condemn'd them, right or wrong,  
 They over to the *sec'lar Pow'r* are turn'd,  
 To be in Prison cast amongst a Throng  
 Of Criminals, and in some Countries burn'd.

These are the *Courts*, from which the Sheep sustain,  
 By *Shepherds* who them cruelly intreat,  
 Such Hardships as enforce them to complain,  
 And vent their Sorrows with a mournful Bleat.

Ah! who can without Indignation hear,  
 How *Shepherds* do the Sheep in Bondage keep!  
 Who can from shedding Show'rs of Tears forbear,  
 At the Bemoanings of the bleating Sheep!

FLORALIA

## F L O R A L I A :

Or, an Account of the Rise of MAY-GAMES,  
and MAY-POLES.

WHEN *Rome* was wholly *Pagan*, long before  
The VIRGIN's Womb our blessed SAVIOUR  
bore,

There liv'd in *Rome* a most lascivious Dame,  
A noted Harlot, *Flora* was her Name,  
Who prostituting of herself for Hire,  
Great Wealth did, with great Infamy, acquire.

This filthy Strumpet, when she came to die,  
Bequeath'd her Treasures to *Rome's* Treasury ;  
For, she her *Heir*, the *Roman* People made,  
Of what she got by her venereal Trade ;  
And that her Memory might still abide  
Among them, by her *Will* she did provide,  
That on her *Birth-day*, certain wanton Games  
Should celebrated be by *Roman* Dames,  
Which that they might not for the Charge decline,  
Part of her Wealth she thereto did assign.



So large a Legacy (however got)  
 The *Roman* Senate thought deserved not  
 To be contemn'd: Yet, that the filthy Stain,  
 Of her lewd Life, might not too long remain  
 A Blemish on them; they a Way contrive,  
 The Whore to bury, *Flora* keep alive,  
 Her they a *Goddeſs* feign; whom deify'd,  
 They make o'er *Fruits* and *Flowers* to preſide;  
 To her they Altars raiſe, and by Decree  
 Appoint the Rites of her Solemnity.

The common People, in next Age adore  
 Her, whom their Fathers knew to be a Whore,  
 And, drench'd in ſuperſtitious Darkneſs, fear  
 They neither *Flowers* nor *Fruits* ſhould have that  
 Year, }  
 If they to keep her *Festivals* forbear.

Yet 'cauſe the better Part did ſtill retain  
 A Senſe, how ſhe her *Goddeſhip* did gain,  
 Such as had due Regard unto their Honour,  
 Would rather venture that, than wait upon her;  
 But all the Strumpets of the Town, and ſuch  
 As had of Fame or Modeſty not much,

Uato

Unto her Altars flock'd, and danc'd the Round,  
 Some naked, some in party-colours Gown,  
 Having their Heads with flow'ry Garlands crown'd.

Nor spar'd they *Wine*, but in full Bowls did quaff,  
 And at each others antick Gestures laugh;  
 The Rein was quite let loose, and they were best  
 Accounted of, could break the rudest Jest.

*Torches* were us'd, to intimate that *Night*  
 Had been the Time of *Flora's* chief Delight;  
 And to denote how lustful she had been,  
 The *Goat* and *Hare* in these her Games were seen:  
 Thus did they Yearly celebrate her Day,  
 Upon the Calends of the Month call'd *May*.

Thus 'twas, while *heath'nish Superstition* reign'd,  
 Before the *Gospel Light* Dominion gain'd  
 O'er *Pagan Darknefs*; but when once the Day,  
 Th' illustrious Day of CHRIST broke forth, away  
 These filthy Vapours roll'd: The *Gospel Light*,  
 From *Christian* Hearts dispell'd this Darknefs quite;  
 Nor can the Patrons of these *May-games* now,  
 Of such lewd Pastimes any Footsteps show,  
 Amongst

Amongst the antient *Christians*, e'en in *Rome*,  
From whence those *Pagan* Rites at first did come.

But after that, thro' Satan's Wiles, ill Men  
From *Truth* to *Error* had relaps'd again,  
After the Power of Godliness was lost,  
And formal *Christians* of more Form did boast,  
When Christian *Rome* was three times worse become  
In some Respects, than had been heathen *Rome* ;  
Then to debauch the Nations, up were brought  
Some *Pagan* Rites, condemn'd of old as nought,  
'Mongst these the *May-games*, with such Variation,  
As suited best the Humour of each Nation :  
How in this Island they were us'd of old,  
Is that which in the next Place shall be told.

On *Flora's* Birth-day, a long *Pole* they raise  
In Market-places, or in parting Ways,  
A painted *Pole*, whereon there hang, display'd,  
Fine Garlands of the choicest Flow'rs made,  
On Top of which a Weathercock is set,  
*Emblem* of those who do such Sports abet.

Unto this *Pole*, the looser Class resort,  
And spend their Time in time-mispending Sports ;  
The



The *Fiddle* or the *Bag-pipe* calls them forth,  
 And they come foremost, who are of least Worth;  
 Here Old and Young, of either Sex do meet,  
 And with obscene Discourse each other greet;  
 About the Tree, they in Disorder dance,  
 As Children on their Hobby-horses prance;  
 Confusedly they intermix in Routs,  
 And drown the *Fiddle* with their deaf'ning Shouts:  
 One breaks a bawdy Jest, wherein doth follow,  
 From all the Rabble, an applauding Hollow;  
 With Scoffs, Derisions, Jeers, they entertain  
 Each other, and whatever's loose and vain;  
 And who most archly can the *Mimick* play,  
 Is sure, for Praise, to bear the Bell away.

The Liberty, which at such Times they use,  
 With Scoffs and Jokes the Passers-by t' abuse,  
 Hath pass'd into a *Proverb*, that 'tis said,  
 Of such an one they a *meer May-game* made;  
 For in these Revel-routs, they countenance  
 Whatever tends Prophaness to advance.

Nor are these dry Feasts; *Flora* doth pretend  
 To guard the *Vine*, and Store of *Barley* send,  
 And therefore sure, her Votaries will not fail,  
 To steep their Brains that Day in *Wine* or *Ale*;

In

In brimful Bowls, or Glasses, then they bouse,  
 And Healths on bare and bended Knees carouse;  
 The Health they drink, perhaps of some great Lord,  
 Who's well-grown Woods their *May-pole* did afford,  
 Who's Honour, doubtless, would have risen higher,  
 Had he bestow'd it on the Poor for Fire.

Patrons of *May-poles*, if they please may see,  
 The Original of this their Vanity;  
 Yea all, the Rise of *May-games* may behold,  
 Who for them are so strenuous and bold:  
 'Tis *Flora's* Feast, a Strumpet void of Shame,  
 The Institution from the *Romans* came,  
 But they were *Heathen*; What is that to we,  
 Who boast a nobler Birth, a higher Pedigree?  
 Oh *Britons*! give your Views a higher Aim;  
 Nor slur with *Pagan* Rites the *Christian* Name.

---

AN EPISTLE to a FRIEND.

*Via recta ad vitam beatam.*

THOU that a *happy Life* wouldst lead  
 Here, and enjoy hereafter Rest,  
 The Path of VIRTUE do thou tread,  
 Wherein none ever walk'd unblest :  
 Which that thou mayst not miss, thy Friend  
 The following Rules doth recommend.

Let to the LORD thy *earliest Thought*,  
 The first Fruit of thy waking Heart,  
 Be ev'ry Morning duly brought,  
 And offer'd as an hallow'd Part.  
 To Him thy Thanks are due, who kept  
 Thy Soul in Safety whilst thou slept.

That Tribute paid, get up and dress,  
 And let thy *Habit* modest be,  
 Not gay nor costly to Excess,  
 And from fantastic Fashions free :  
 That Garb, methinks, is most complete,  
 That's without Affectation neat.

G

When



When dress'd retire, and wait to feel  
 An *holy Breathing* in thee rise,  
 With strong Desires to God ! that He'll  
 Bless thee in that Day's Exercise :  
 Well is that Course like to be run,  
 That is with holy Pray'r begun.

Divine Assistance thus *implor'd*,  
 Thy proper Business set about,  
 While God doth Time and Strength afford,  
 That thou mayst finish it throughout.  
 What Good to do, thy Hand doth find,  
 Perform it with a chearful Mind.

An *idle Life* by all means shun,  
 However great thy Incomes are ;  
 Thousands have thereby been undone,  
 For 'tis the Devil's surest Snare :  
 Fly *lustful Sloth*, and always find  
 Work for thy Body or thy Mind.

Feed not *too high*, nor curious be  
 In pleasing of thy *Appetite* ;  
 Plain Things with *Nature* best agree,  
 Too rich, and much, destroy her quite :

Let

Let *Temp'rance*, without more ado,  
Be *Butler*, *Cook*, and *Carver* too.

But *Moderation* chiefly use

In drinking ; of strong Drinks take heed,  
Reiterated Cups refuse,

And take no more than thou dost need :  
Who doth himself o'ercharge with Wine,  
Makes, what God made a Man, a Swine.

A Slave to th' *Pipe* by no means be,

Who but the de'il on Smoke would feed ?  
Since God was pleas'd to make thee free,  
Ne'er come in Bondage to a *Weed*.  
He hit the Mark, who all Excess  
Declar'd to be in *Drunkenness*.

In all thy Dealings *Plainness* use ;

With honest Gains thyself content ;  
Another's Weakness don't abuse,  
Nor use fair Words to circumvent :  
Who heaps up Wealth by Fraud and Guile,  
Heaps Wrath unto himself mean while.

Be pitiful unto the *Poor*,  
 Compassion of the *Needy* take ;  
 Relieve the *Hungry* with thy Store,  
 Provision for the *Orphan* make :  
 Who on the *Poor* doth freely spend,  
 To God, that well repays, doth lend.

Of *Widows* and of *Fatherless*,  
 And such as can't themselves defend,  
 When Force or Fraud doth them oppress,  
 Plead thou the Cause and stand their Friend :  
 The Helpless who from Wrong protect,  
 May Help themselves from God expect.

To *Justice* stedfastly adhere,  
 Without Respect to Friend or Foe ;  
 Let neither Flattery nor Fear,  
 Make thee against thy Judgment go :  
 Impartial stand ; let nought prevail,  
 But *Right* alone, to turn the Scale,

Of *Pride* and *Stateliness* beware,  
 An haughty Look and scornful Eye ;  
 Vain-glory shun, Self-praise forbear,  
 All vaunting and Ambition fly :



For of all Fools, pronounce I durst,  
The self-conceited Fool the worst.

Be *hospitable*, let thy Door  
To Strangers open freely stand ;  
And if their Need thy Help implore,  
Dismiss them with a lib'ral Hand :  
Some have, receiving unknown Guest,  
With Angels Company been blest.

Among thy Neighbours *live in Peace*,  
Occasions of Contention shun ;  
Use all just Means that Strife may cease,  
Where'er thou find'st it is begun :  
Rememb'ring who it was that said,  
*They blest shall be that PEACE have made.*

In *Friendship* constant be and true,  
Thy Friend in Danger stand thou by,  
Forfake him not whate'er ensue,  
But for him even dare to die :  
Who in true Friendship are combin'd,  
Have in two Bodies but one Mind,

If

If thou prefer'st a *married Life*,  
 Let not a blind Affection guide,  
 But in the chusing of a Wife,

Let sound Discretion find the Bride :  
 Yet *like* and *love* before thou take —  
 What off again thou canst not shake.

When having chose, thou now art wed,  
 Still bear in mind what thou didst grant ;  
 Be *faithful* to thy Marriage-bed,  
 And keep thy solemn Covenant :  
 Who violate the Nuptial-ties,  
 Make God and Man their Enemies.

If *Children* thou obtain'st, their Will  
 Subdue betimes, e'er it grow strong ;  
 Indulge them not in ought that's ill,  
 Lest both thyself and them thou wrong :  
 Who let their Children headstrong grow,  
 Make sure their own and Children's Woe.

Toward thy *Servants* gentle be,  
 Not ruling with a rig'rous Hand ;  
 The less imperious Thou they see,  
 The more thou'lt have 'em at Command :

He

He best is serv'd throughout the Year,  
That's served more for *Love* than *Fear*.

To all be affable and kind,  
Not furly and morose, but free ;  
By courteous Carriage others bind,  
To love, regard, and honour thee :  
Of all the Ways for rising high,  
The safest is HUMILITY.

Thy *Anger*, tho' provok'd, *restrain* ;  
Her perfect Work let *Patience* have ;  
By gentle bearing, thou may'st gain  
Him that the Provocation gave :  
A soft Reply makes Anger cease,  
But hasty Words will Strife increase.

In thy whole Course, still have thine Eye  
To God ; His Aid therein implore ;  
On Him in all, for all, rely ;  
Him with an upright Heart adore :  
A Blessing thee must needs attend,  
Who dost with God begin and end.

THOMAS ELLWOOD.



---

These following, by another Hand.

A S O L I L O Q U Y.

*I commune with my own Heart. Psalm lxxvii. 6.*

**G**RATEFUL Sensations urge my Voice, O lend  
Thy sacred Ear! my FATHER, GOD, and  
FRIEND,

Affist the Strain, while by Reflection led,  
I backward view the Years gone o'er my Head.  
As far as my frail Memory can trace,  
I find Vestigia's of Thy Love and Grace;  
Thro' ev'ry Period of my Life, I see  
Thy saving Providence and Clemency;  
There's scarce a Day, thro' the revolving Year,  
But I remark some Token of Thy Care:  
A Sense of which deeply impress'd my Mind,  
Humbld my Heart, and made my Soul resign'd;  
Engag'd me oft to cry, on bended Knee,  
\* *Draw me O GOD! and I'll run after Thee.*  
And should'st Thou deign a *Competence* to give,  
Thy Laws shall be revered while I live;

---

\* Cant. i. 4.



'Tis not perform'd with *tuned Instrument*  
 In costly Domes, Houses magnificent,  
 Which strike the Senses, and Affections draw  
 Into a *superstitious lifeless Awe* ;  
 But unreforms, and leaves the Soul as poor,  
 As impotent, and filthy as before.

No! genuine WORSHIP is a nobler Thing,  
 LOVE's its Original and only Spring ;  
 It is perform'd *in Spirit* and *in Heart*,  
 By th' Ability GOD doth Himself impart ;  
 And it consisteth in *a holy living*,  
 In *Pray'r*, in *Praise*, and *true Thanksgiving*.

## THE INTERNAL MONITOR.

THOU need'st not say, with mental Sighs,  
 O Man!

Who will unfold JEHOVAH's mystick Plan ?  
 Who bring the sacred *Pandects* from the Sky ?  
 That we may hear, and with the Terms comply.  
 Who perch upon the Morning's early Breeze ?  
 And waft it to us from beyond the Seas.  
 Or, who descend to the unmeasur'd Deep,  
 And fetch it where tremendous Waters sleep ?  
 For in thy Heart the WORD's divinely wrote,  
 Indelible and fair, without a Blot ;

Speaks



Speaks ev'ry Tongue beneath the Cope of Heav'n,  
 Extensive as the LIGHT ! to All 'tis giv'n.

Unto this Oracle Attention give,  
 Obey its Dictates, and thy Soul shall live.

Nor need'st thou say, Wherewith, alas, shall I  
 Approach the Great Eternal DEITY ?  
 Or how prostrate myself to gain his Eye ?  
 Shall I before His awful Presence come  
 With Yearling-calves, in a full Hecatomb ?  
 Will Rams in thousands please from *Bashan's* Soil ?  
 Or, shall I give ten thousand Rills of Oil ?  
 Shall my First-born be offer'd as a Toll,  
 The Body's Fruit ransom the guilty Soul ?  
 No ! none of these, JEHOVAH will delight ;  
 Thy Heart is *Conscious* of the Thing *that's Right*.  
 The Rule is short—*Be merciful, be just,*  
*And humbly in thy MAKER put thy Trust.*

## A H Y M N.

W H A T Words JEHOVAH ! shall I chuse  
 T' express my Thanks to Thee ?  
 What reverential Posture use ?  
 Down on my Face or Knee ?

External

External Forms may seem devout,  
 Yet no Acceptance find ;  
 Nor all the Pomp of Words, without  
 A correspondent Mind.

The Heart's an Index ; read me, there  
 See Gratitude and Praise ;  
 For Competence, a Conscience clear,  
 With Health, and Length of Days ;  
 For one true Friend, an Offspring large ;  
 And what is dearer still,  
 For LOVE, that did my Debts discharge,  
 And brought from Heav'n Thy Will.

Shall I, O God ! thus highly blest,  
 E'er disobedient prove,  
 Or make *revealed Truths* a Jest,  
 And *Sceptick* Reasoning love ?

Shall I prefer a transient Sin,  
 Renounce Thy sacred Laws,  
 And slight Thy holy Checks within,  
 To gain the World's Applause ?

No ; rather let my Hand forget  
 To guide the passive Quill ;  
 My Eyes in total Darkness set,  
 My lab'ring Heart stand still.

F I N I S.

